

Jaxon Joseph

Victim Impact Statement (Chris Joseph)

For JAXON JOSEPH of the Humboldt Broncos who was killed April 6, 2018 at the intersection of Hwy 35 and Hwy 335 North of Tisdale, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Sidhu

When I was a young man I had hopes and dreams for my future. There were many. But none were more important than being a husband and a father. The 3 days my children were born were the best days of my life and I was present for all 3.

The day you took my son Jaxon from me was the worst day of my life and will remain that way forever. You and I both have to live with that for the rest of our lives.

I cry each and every day when I think about the potential you took away from us. Although my son had dreams to play hockey, I know he was much like me and looked forward to one day being a husband and a father. We even talked about how he and I could one day coach his kids in hockey just as I had coached him because that is something we both shared a love for. You took that away from me.

I want to share with you what those days were like for us.

April 4th:

My wife Andrea and I drove to Humboldt for game 4. We went to cheer Jaxon and the Broncos on because we loved our son and driving 7 hours for 1 game was normal. The sacrifices parents make for their children have no limits. After the game Jaxon was sad because his team lost a very hard fought game and he didn't feel he played well but he was so proud to sit with us at Boston Pizza and share time with his new girlfriend Quinn. And we were so proud of him for playing his hardest. This was the first time Andrea had met Quinn. Jax was so excited for all of us meet her. We had a nice but brief dinner at BPs because he had to get home and rest up for tomorrow. We later found out that was the night he said "I love you" for the very first time in his life to a beautiful young lady.

April 5th:

We woke up, had a nice breakfast with Jaxon at Johnny's Bistro in Humboldt, gave him what turned out to be our very last hug and our very last kiss and drove home to Edmonton.

April 6th:

We were set to have dinner and watch the Broncos on TV. We knew this might be Jaxon's last ever Junior Hockey game. We didn't want it to end because Jaxon didn't want it to end. He loved his team and he wanted to stay in that moment forever. So, we hoped they would win and continue playing but in the back of our minds we looked forward to having him home for the summer. We looked forward to not worrying about him making long drives across the country and having him home safe and sound. His 3 year junior hockey career that he fought so hard to achieve was winding down and part of us was looking forward to him moving on, but we were

sad because he loved playing junior hockey so much. He loved his teammates and all the moments they shared together.

Just before 6pm we got a phone call from a friend that heard there was a terrible accident involving the team. I immediately called Jaxon's cell phone 4 times and no answer each and every time. Time went by, we sat around our house, I called my daughter Taylor home, we sat our son Brett down and told them what we knew. Only that the Broncos bus had been in a bad accident and we can't get a hold of Jax. We decided to get in the car and start driving back to Humboldt, or Tisdale, or Saskatoon, or wherever we needed to go. I am normally the calm one in the family as I am a Firefighter and have seen many accidents before. I could not get the sick feeling out of my head that something was terribly wrong. Nothing seemed to add up. I could not drive. My wife drove and Colin (my daughters boyfriend) drove as I hyperventilated all the way to Lloydminster. Calling anyone I could find out. Billets, Asst. Coach Chris Beaudry, hospitals in Melfort, hospitals in Edmonton. Anyone.

We did hear that Jaxon had been airlifted to RUH hospital with "Serious" head trauma via STARS air ambulance. We had hope. I knew how good STARS was and for the first time as we drove across AB and SK in the middle of the night I had a glimmer of hope. I called John Courtney (Quinn's Dad who I had never met) and told him the news about Jaxon's arrival via STARS. He and Quinn decided they were going to go identify him at the hospital. A couple hours later I got a call back from John. "Chris, Quinn and Mom Lesley went to see Jaxon in the hospital and Quinn is pretty certain it is NOT him". My world crashed again. The minutes and hours of not knowing were the hardest part. We continue to drive through the night and arrived at Saskatoon RUH. around 2am:

April 7th:

When we arrived at the hospital I immediately met with Quinn's family in the lobby. I had to go identify my son with my daughter Taylor. When we went upstairs to see who we thought was Jaxon I had cautious hope. My daughter and I looked at this boy up and down, examining fingers, toes, hair, looking for birthmarks, scars, anything that would clearly ID Jaxon. We could not tell. Part of it was hope, but part of it was they all looked so similar. There were 8 or 9 things that said "This is Jaxon!!" but there were a few that screamed "No, this is not him". I left this boy with the staff not knowing. I sat in the waiting room trying to piece all the news and rumours together to figure out where Jaxon was. All the boys and Dayna that were taken to hospital were all accounted for. "Nobody else was coming in". That meant, if your boy is not on this list they were left behind in the frozen snow as someone had pronounced them dead on the scene. While I waited I heard there were 3 boys that were alive and were able to talk. I immediately went to them to ask. I asked them if they heard any news of Jaxon, "NO". I asked where they were sitting, I asked what they saw. I made them relive it all only moments after, this was unfair of me but I had to know. As I questioned the boys a police officer came into room holding tattered and ripped pieces of a blue dress shirt that was cut off the boy upstairs (I won't use names because it doesn't matter to you or the media, it only matters to us families). He was so patient and polite with all of us. He asked the 3 survivors "Who was wearing this blue shirt?". They all unanimously said the same boys name and it wasn't Jaxon. Right there

was my moment.....the moment I realized that my son was dead. That he was never taken to a hospital. That his body is still laying on the cold ground with a blanket over his face. I recall everyone in that room stopping their conversations and turning to stare of me. They all knew that was my moment and they all felt for me because even though this was the first time many of us had met we knew we were a team. I now had to go back to the waiting room and confirm the worst news of our lives to my family. Jaxon's Mom, his Sister, his brother, his girlfriend, and many, many, more. YOU made me break the bad news to everyone. I had to copy and paste a short note on my phone so I could txt so many people. I was on my phone for nearly 48 hours without sleep telling hundreds of friends and families that loved Jaxon that he was now gone. This is what I texted.

"Thank you for your prayers. We said goodbye to Jaxon today at age 20. My heart is broken. He is missed already. We are lucky to have you as a friend. Love Chris" with a green heart and a yellow heart emoji.

I still hadn't actually gotten to say goodbye but I knew. I knew he was gone. We went to a hotel to get some rest (I still couldn't sleep) before we were to get a call from the coroner to go to the funeral home to identify our boys.

Funeral Home 12pm

We had to wait our turn at the funeral home to identify Jaxon. They only had 6 viewing rooms and there were 14 families. They took us in 6 families at a time, when those 6 were done, the next 6 could go, finally the last 2 families could go. Can you imagine being in the 2nd or 3rd group and having to wait your turn because the funeral home is not big enough to accommodate such a large group? We sat in the waiting room for about an hour hoping not to see the pain on the faces of the families from the first group. When some of them returned the pain was evident. They came back DIFFERENT, changed forever. I knew I would too.

When it was our turn, we were led into the room where Jaxon laid. I could tell the moment I walked in that it was him. I could tell from across the room. I felt so foolish thinking that boy at the hospital might have been him. How could I mistake them. This was my baby, this was the boy I knew. This was the boy I loved.

I had to look at Jaxon's beat up and swollen body. I thought "Please just wake up Jax". Jaxon's mom Andrea, his brother Brett, his sister Taylor, and her boyfriend Colin stood over his body and cried. We never wanted to leave. He was cold, he was lifeless, but we didn't care. We touched him, we kissed him, we hugged him. We didn't want to leave him.

April 8th:

My family went back to the funeral home in Saskatoon for the second time. Something drew us back there. 30 min in the room with him yesterday was not enough. We had to go again. This time I took 90 pictures of my lifeless son because I was afraid time would remove the memory of his face. I have tried to look at those pictures many times since the accident but

cannot last more than a couple minutes. His body broken, his beautiful face swollen and bloodied. Again, I hugged him anyway because he was my boy. I rubbed his playoff beard, I stroked his dyed blonde hair, and I kissed his face.

I won't share more details about those days but I wanted you to know a little bit about what we lived through and that we re-live it nearly every single day.

If Jaxon were here today this is what his life might be like this year:

- He would be using a scholarship to play University Hockey and working on a Commerce degree.
- He would have a serious girlfriend that he would probably making plans for the future with.
- He would have come home for Christmas where he would get spoiled because we missed him so much
- He would be planning a trip to Las Vegas, or Craven SK., or Big Valley, AB. with his buddies this upcoming summer because he loved his teammates.
- He would be teasing his sister Taylor, he would be mentoring his brother Brett
- He would be making us all laugh with his silliness
- He would continue to grow into man with good values and a big heart.

Lastly, Mr. Sidhu I want to tell you how I feel about you.

I feel that you do have remorse for you actions, I think you wanted to come to this country to make a better life for yourself but because you chose to not stop at a stop sign that day none of our dreams will be achieved.

I don't think you are a terrible person, I think you were grossly unqualified to be on road that day because you were not trained properly.

But I also believe we should all be accountable for our actions (Not our words). And you were a professional Class 1 driver. You should be held to a higher standard than the rest of us on the road. And you chose to gamble at that intersection and you lost. And worse yet, WE ALL LOST.

I hope someday you can find peace. I hope someday I can find forgiveness. I hope someday the roads and the industry change so this never happens again.

My name is Andrea Joseph. I am the mourning mother of Jaxon Joseph, who died on April 6, 2018 at your expense when you decided to play god and drive through a stop sign and cross a major highway knowing damn well you could hit a vehicle and injure or kill someone. Who gave you the right to make that decision? You knew damn well what could happen and you took a risk and ended up killing 16 young men and woman, injuring 13 young men and destroying the lives and families of these victims. It's my opinion that a human being that knew the risk he was taking driving through the stop sign, going across a major highway, with the possibility of hurting and killing another human being, does not have any regard for life or those lives that would be affected by the loss and damage that you created. It is my opinion that a human being, like yourself, doesn't have any feelings at all, and that is why you took a risky gamble ending all our lives like it is today. I also strongly feel that if there is no precedence set this week with what you did on April 6, 2018 that more men like yourself will continue to drive big rigs and continue to drive through stop signs, and continue to take huge risks with other people's lives unless there are harsher laws created for people like you.

I'm standing here today reading my victim impact statement to you in person so that you can see and feel the emotions and trauma you have caused due to your selfish actions on April 6, 2018. Jax's brother Brett is so traumatized he doesn't want to be here in your presence. Jax's sister Taylor wants to be here and look you in the eyes and ask you why you killed her brother and the other 15 beautiful souls while injuring 13 others for the rest of their lives on April 6, 2018 but she needs to be in her class at university. I am also here in hopes that your sentence will reflect your careless actions on April 6, 2018 appropriately and to support Jax's Bronco families that you destroyed as well.

Imagine if you could, as I know you have no children so I don't expect you to get it, which may be why you were so careless on April 6, 2018, but imagine you have this amazing son, who makes you smile everyday, makes you laugh everyday, plays hide and seek with the dogs and you, talks to you about things most boys don't talk to their moms about, loves to tease to let you know he loves you, tells you he loves you in public places because he's so proud to have you for a parent, and this son is living his dream, away from home, and you're working full time and can only get

way to see him once per month (which is about 8 times in 8 months while they are away playing hockey just in case you dont have any knowledge of how long a hockey season is) and even for some the only way you can see your son is via live stream from Hockey TV on the computer to watch him play hockey living his dream. Imagine coming home making supper, getting the cables hooked up to the TV from the laptop to get ready for the game, so excited as this is going to be game 5 of the second series, knowing this could be your sons last game of Junior A Hockey as they are down in the series 3-1, but you know he cant wait to take the series back and its going to be a nail biter! We loved watching our son Jaxon Joseph play hockey and live his dream, it made us so proud of him and it brought us joy. Joy that was taken from us because of your careless decision to run a stop sign and gamble with the lives of those on the highway on April 6, 2018. Then the phone rings, its a friend of the family who is an RCMP officer and says there's been an accident.....Our hearts just dropped.....time just stopped.....our world crashed in.....our worst living nightmare just happened.....

Our daughter is driving home from University and our other son is just walking in the door from his friends house. We don't beleive what has happened, it can't be true, I try calling his cell phone over and over leaving desperate messages telling him to call home and let us know if he's OK. My husband, who is a firefighter and knows what the scene most likely looks like, is trying his best to keep it together for all of us so that we could have a glimmer of hope that Jax is most likely in bad shape but he will be OK as he's a big boy and he's strong and it's not his time to leave us. We did what any parent would do, we grabbed some clothes, jumped in the car, left our family dog, Sam, all alone and drove for 5 and a half hours until 2 am across Alberta and Saskatchewan as we knew no matter what the outcome was our baby boy needed us, dead or alive, he needed his mom and dad and sister and brother to be there and hold his cold lifeless body and help him go to heaven and be with his angels that predeceased him. When we got to the hospital we didn't get to hear him say "I'm OK mom , I love you, how are the rest of my bronco family? Instead we were told Jax didn't make it, he wasn't at the hospital and to go to the hotel, get some sleep and come back in the morning to identify your son. Our small glimmer of hope was shattered and our lives were changed forever,.

We find out that Jax was thrown from the bus on that very cold day and had no chance of survival as you broke my babies neck and punctured both his precious lungs giving Jax no chance at all of survival and being triaged on scene as black. We had to stand there in the funeral home over our dead son praying and begging he would open his eyes and say he was just kidding. Have you ever kissed a dead body before? I never thought in my life I would be kissing my dead sons eyelids, nose, cheeks, and lips over and over again as I knew this would be the last time I would ever feel his skin under my lips. If i could have I would have stayed with him, beside him, until the moment his dead body could not stand the warmth. Do you know what it feels like to kiss a dead body? It's soo cold but the skin feels delicate and you just want to make everything better but you can't. We just wanted to warm him up and bring him back to life. Rubbing his legs, hugging him begging him to come back to us! No parent or sibling should ever have to stand over their son/brother in disbelief knowing we would never see him open his eyes and say "I love you". You hurt my baby, you broke him, and for this I will never forgive you. You don't deserve my forgiveness. You knew you should not have been driving, nor should you have been driving on those secondary roads. Because of your selfish actions on April 6, 2018, our family will never get to see our beautiful boy get married, have babies, become a father, graduate from university, we will never get to hug him, kiss him, hear his laugh, see his smile, tease him, play games with him, play crib with him, go to the lake, go for bike rides, go for walks, have conversations with Jax and hear his voice, teach him lessons and be there for him.

You took our son away from our beautiful family and created a massive hole that will never heal. You took my childrens brother away from them. Taylor and Brett loved their brother Jaxon more than you could ever imagine and you crushed their world. Taylor is 22 years old and Brett was only 15 years old when you killed their brother Jax. My children had a special bond and you destroyed this. I have not been back to work since the accident, it's hard to find a reason to live. Why teach our children to have dreams and goals in life when some arrogant, inconsiderate monster comes along and takes your breath away? How are we, Jax's parents, suppose to teach and encourage our living daughter Taylor and our living son Brett to strive for a full happy life when people like you are out on the roads with no regard for life or rules or laws? If you would have stopped at

that stop sign on April 6, 2018 Jaxon would be in University playing hockey, living his dream, our daughter Taylor would be graduating this spring from University and our son Brett would be passing High School classes, I would be working full time and my husband would be working full time along with all his other jobs. But instead today our outcome is something I don't wish on any family. Our beloved son Jaxon is in heaven, our daughter is struggling emotionally, mentally, and physically seeing a counsellor and struggling to get through university classes trying to graduate in the fall, our son Brett is failing school, can't sleep, and is so angry and sad all the time. I have not been back to work as I cry everyday, I sleep with my sons Urn so I can feel close to him, I'm a complete chaotic mess and do my best to keep it together as I need to show my surviving children that it's OK to have dreams and goals even though I don't truly feel that way anymore. My husband, Jaxons dad, has to be strong for all of us as he has no time to be weak or sad. Jaxons dad is our glue for our family right now and I'm scared of what would happen if our glue stopped working. The trickle effect of sadness, depression, anxiety, and anger that you have caused within our family, extended family, friends, and acquaintances will never be undone. You destroyed our lives and this can never be undone.

Our son Jaxon was a wonderful young man, we are so proud of the young man he grew up to be. He had many friends, who loved him very much. He was the cutest baby with the most infectious smile, he would light up a room with his presence. He would always make time to talk to his mom and dad, while he was away living his dream playing junior hockey for 3 years, he would always say "I love you too mom" or "I love you too dad" even though he was surrounded by his teammates or friends. His presence is missed, more than you could ever imagine. Our home is empty. You can feel he is not there in person. Everything is different. Jax always made his grandparents feel special and loved. Jax loved to tease his grandparents and they miss this so much. He was the only one to call my mom "Gamma Cass" which was an inside joke I don't wish to share with you but to my mother, his grandma, it meant the world to her and she will never hear him say this ever again. Jax made time for his Aunties, Uncles and cousins and made them feel special and that they were his favorite because that's what Jax did, he made you feel important. They too miss Jaxon so much, they shed tears for Jax everyday just as we do. His friends are shattered, it breaks our hearts to see these young men hurt so

much for the loss of their best friend and buddy, to see them text Jax's cell phone, post messages on FB, and try to reach out to him because they just want to hear his voice and not beleive he's dead, taken from all of us. All of this grief was caused by you, this, all of this , is your fault.

I'm told that there has never been such a devastating accident in the history of Canada. I've been informed what your maximum sentence could be due to the laws in place currently. I'm hoping and praying that today the laws are changed and that a precedence is made for individuals like yourself, who decide to take risks and break laws and kill innocent young men and woman. There needs to be a huge precedence set for the future of our communities. I feel if there is no huge precedence made today , that more inidividuals like yourself will continue to break the law and kill more innocent men and women and take away their dreams and destroy their families. I am a kind and loving person, but this momma is hurt, and broken and shattered and I promised Jaxon as he lay there on that cold, hard gurney that I would fight for him for the rest of my life. I would do anything for my babies and I need to protect the two living children I have from people like you. Any mother would agree. I despise you for taking my baby away from us. The fact that people say you made a mistake makes me want to throw up. You knew what you were doing and because of your actions we are all grieving the loss of our babies/husbands/fathers/friends and hurting for the 13 survivors as they have to live with life long injuries as a result of your careless actions on April 16, 2018